

You Want It

GASHI

[Intro]

You gon' lose your mind (G4SHI)
You gon' lose your mind (I'm fucking your bitch)
You gon' lose your mind (Hahaha)
You gon' lose your mind, you gon' lose your motherfucking mind

[Verse 1 - G4SHI]

Word around town man I been it
Every time I come around shit get lit
Yup, love my sound never miss shit
When it comes to the pen this the hit stick dipshits
Y'all got me all fucked up
Popping bottles in the crib cause it's just us
Ain't none of these motherfuckers loved us
Table full of guys how the fuck you gon' judge us
I been sippin', we winnin', then grab me some more
Re-up on bottles we running real low
Chilling with models they sniffing on blow
Need us more dutches it's back to the store
Started from bullshit then concrete I rose
Now at my shows, we throw up our fours
Haters so salty cause my wrists on froze
If you close minded then keep your mouth closed, ahhhh
They so quick to hate shit
Claim when they see me they gon' spray shit
Run up on me never say shit
G4SHI on my playlist, hit me with that fake shit
You be in the club looking basic
I be in the booth in my Bape shit
Made it, radio never wanna play shit
Motherfuckers so racist, fucked up
Never learned how to drive stick
As a kid been busy writing rhymes in my Sidekick
Turn your main chick into my side bitch
Turn a lame bitch into a hot chick
Fly kid, they could never never pop shit
Cop shit, looking fleek when I rock shit
Never kiss hoes, I just give em' cock quick
Tell em' stay above the rim, on my Pac shit

[Hook]

Ahhhhh, that life I live that
Those cars I whip that
Bad broads I hit that
Ahhhhh, that life I live that
You mad, you mad, you mad
Cause you want it (lose your mind)
You want it (lose your mind)[6x]
I can tell that you want it

[Verse 2 - G4SHI]

I told ya, I told ya

I like it, I cop it, then Yao when I rock it (yeah when I rock it)
Taking these photos with haters go back to the crib then I crop it (Ah ha)
Money too long, can't fit in my pocket can't fit in my wallet (Can't fit it!)
I don't pay for pussy, she said I'm so handsome she wanna just ride it
Whipping the Benz, me and my bros
Setting these trends, fucking these hoes
Whippin' and trippin' we gettin' these O's
And I'm fucking your bitch and I'm changing my clothes
Got my own 4's, can't cop em' in stores
Pull up at shows, turn OFF my phone
Haters so fake, leave me alone
They ask for a steak, I feed em' bone, ahhhh
I'm European face it, all of these other rappers so basic
Just know that you made it when your friends start hating
And pulling, and pulling that fake shit
All of these rappers that made it before me just taught me I gotta be patient
This ain't my flow this that Drake shit
But fuck it - [shqipe we made it!]
I'm your, I'm your favorite rapper's favorite rapper on the low
They text me my shit is dope but they will never post
They support me from a distance like some fucking hoes
But when they need a hit, they be so quick to call my phone

[Hook]

Ahhhhh, that life I live that
Those cars I whip that
Bad broads I hit that
Ahhhhh, that life I live that
You mad, you mad, you mad
Cause you want it (lose your mind)
You want it (lose your mind)[6x]
I can tell that you want it

[Outro]

You gon' lose your mind
You gon', you gon' lose your mind [3x]

You gon' lose your mind, you gon' lose your motherfucking mind

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songlyrics.band/>